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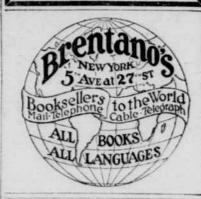
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# The Book Factory

"THE BRIGHT SHAWL."

(Joseph Hergesheimer's colorful new novel). In the days when the Cubans were ruled by the Spanish A Yankee decided to help 'em to banish Sala Spaniards and make it a free little isle.

His name was Charles Abbott and in a short while After Charlie had made his resolve he set sail For well known Havana, the scene of our tale.

Well, soon with the rebels our friend was conspiring To give them there Spaniards a summary firing. They plotted and plotted in corners and nooks (Their plots were enough to equip twenty books.) But the Spaniards were wise and as often as not A plotter would find himself daggered or shot. But Charles, undismayed, with the aid of a friend (Young Escobar) plotted and plotted to end The Spanish ascendancy. After a time You'd think ne would weaken and yearn for a clime Where a man didn't have to duck bullets so often, But Charles was hard boiled and not once did he soften. Perhaps the real reason he relished the duty Was that for coplotter he had a young beauty, The dancer Clavel. I'd turn plotter myself If I had for a partner so charming an elf.

Charles didn't succeed in his efforts to free
The Cubans, but no one will fail to agree
That he tried hard enough. And a feller who tries
Deserves lots of credit, so don't criticize.
It wasn't his fault that his comrades were lax And only succeded in getting The Axe.
You can't free a country without any aid,
And Charlie got little, except from the maid
I mentioned above—and that maiden, alack, Was imprisoned for dealing a Spaniard a whack That made him a corpse in a minute or less. (Of muscle that girl had a tragic excess.) .

One day to save Escobar Charlie essayed. His reward was a dig in the ribs with a blade, And a bump on the bean and a clout on the nose, So Charles wasn't sorry, I choose to suppose, When the Spaniards decided that day to deport him. Too bad that the damosel couldn't escort him!

We are growing more and more liberal. We like "The Bright Shawl" despite the fact that it contains a hero who flavors his cofiee with salt, a heroine who smokes cigars and another character who wears lemon colored gloves.

We love some of the Gilbertian names in "The Bright Shawl." There is, for instance, Captain Ceaza Santacilla. Some day we'll have to do a poem around him. It will

Captain Ceaza Santacilla Puffed a fine Havana filla While a maid in a mantilla Made the Captain's chest a pilla—

# ALFRED HARCOURT ROLLS A CIGAR-

ETTE.
Had the sale of "Babbitt" failed to live
up to expectations and was Mr. Harcourt retrenchment? No, that couldn't be it. There on his desk was a package of—let us call 'em Persian Puffers, all ready for smoking. Evidently he had tried 'em out and found 'em wanting. It soon was plain that Mr. Harcourt had rolled his own for some time. Only an experienced hand can flip open a book of cigarette papers and without the loss of a second extract just one of the clinging sheets. We have never managed to yank out less than three at a time. Nor have we learned to sprinkle the proper amount of granulated seaweed on the paper. Our homemade cigarettes are either too fat or too skinny. And they re-fuse to stay rolled.

With the exception of Hal Hilman, boss of the D-H Ranch in Big Horn, Wyo., Mr. Harcourt rolls the neatest cigarette ever manufactured in our presence. But Hal has the long winter months to practice in, and perhaps for this reason the compari-son is an unfair one. The fact remains that Mr. Harcourt can roll a goshdarned capable cigarette. . . And the least he car do in return for this tribute is to send us a copy of Charles Brooks's "Frightful

PESTIFEROUS PLATITUDES
. "His face worked convulsively." any Author.

Ours does every time we encounter that bromide.

OR ARE WE WRONG! I tip my benny to him.-

121. Does Mr. Lewis mean "benny"? ny," as we recall the matter, is Harlemese for overcoat; and it went out of use almost as long ago as "tell it to Sweeney." and "skidoo."

### ANNOUNCEMENT

A month ago our London correspondent struck for a raise and we told him to go jump in the Thames. We thought he had obeyed us—(it's time he did something we asked)—but a letter on our desk is to the effect that he teon't jump in the Thames; that he doesn't want a raise after all; and that he will be glad to continue his correspondence at the old sales. his correspondence at the old salary—one copy of The Herald Book Section per week. He struck for two copies—or an increase in salary of 100 per cent. That, of course, salary of 100 per cent. That, of course, amounted to a hold-up that no employer

with an ounce of courage would tolerate.
Our correspondent is so repentant that we have decided to take him back and his Lendon letters will appear in THE BOOK FACTORY again before long

### JAZZ IN ENGLAND.

If you doubt that jazz is many T.ondon, read this bit from Frank Swinner-Three Lovers":

". . At the plane sat one man and by his side another who played upon a banjo. . . A sportive young fellow had been adding to the noise by clashing tongs and fire shovel together."

But evidently the English

But evidently the English cannot stand as much jazz as Americans, for elsewhere we read: "At a quarter to twelve there was a signal for closing the place."

While "The Three Lovers" is not a Shavan book, there is evidence of the influ-ence of the Prince of Jesters. As witnes: "The sort of man one falls in love with doesn't make a good husband."

"Any man, marrying the most re-formed character, will find that he has

domesticated a tigress."

"The Three Lovers" might briefly be described as the story of a man who marries a girl whom he not infrequently thinks